

The Oxford County Citizen.

VOLUME XXXV—NUMBER 20

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1929.

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BETHEL AND VICINITY

Mrs. Maud Vashaw of Berlin was in town recently.

Meet the New Edison Portable Photographic at Lyons' adv. Quite a number from here attended dinner at North Waterford.

Miss Vira Holt spent several days last week with Mrs. Guy Morrill and family.

Fred Clark is building a bungalow on a lot near Elden Peterkin's residence.

Mrs. Bessie Ring of Bryant's Pond called on Mrs. Virgie McMillin, Friday.

Miss Harriet Merrill and Miss Margaret Herick were in Portland one day last week.

Mrs. Will Young and Mrs. J. J. McMillin were in Rumford shopping Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Carlson and family returned to their home in Milton, Mass., Friday.

Rodricke McMillin is in Oxford, visiting his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Glover.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Blake will move this week to Minot where Mr. Blake has employment.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Twitchell and family were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jack McMillin.

Frederick McMillin is spending a few days at Old Orchard, going with his cousin, Ralph Richardson, of Norway.

Eighteen motorcyclists from Massachusetts en route to Canada were at the Star Lunch Monday morning.

Arthur Cummings of Rumford, who has spent the summer with his grandmother, Mrs. Wallace Clark, returned home Tuesday.

Mrs. Luceria Barker is in very poor health and confined to her bed at the home of her son, E. A. Barker, South Paris.

Walter C. Allen, who has been employed at the Clites office the past year and a half, has finished work and gone to New York.

Mrs. Ralph Richardson and daughter Maxine and Laura Yates of Norway took supper with her cousin, Mrs. Jack McMillin, Saturday.

Miss Esther Tyler went to Mechanic Falls Wednesday where she joined friends with whom she will spend several days at Bar Harbor.

Miss Ella Sanborn has returned home from a trip to Montreal. She attended two days of the Sherbrooke Fair and stopped at Coaticook to call on friends.

Mrs. Laurence Lord, Mrs. Charles Crosby, Mrs. Fred Adams, Mrs. A. B. Sanborn and Mrs. Grace Foley were in South Paris recently to call on Mrs. Loretta Barker.

Robert Hanscom and friend motored to Montreal Saturday where they met Miss Kathryn Hanscom and Ellen Coltrill who were just returning from a trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wenzell and Mrs. Irene Foster have returned to Boston, Mass., after spending the summer at Middle Intervale.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Inman of Waterville were guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Wentzell Sunday.

Dr. F. I. Brown and family of South Portland who have spent the summer in town, returned home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Sleane and little-niece of Lewiston were week end and holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Bennett.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wenzell and Mrs. Irene Foster have just returned to Bethel from a trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chaffell and Mr. and Mrs. Luther Spomer of Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Williams and family of Oxford.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Williams of Woburn, Mass., spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Clark.

Dr. E. L. Brown was in Wethersfield Sunday after his son Ernest who has been spending the summer at the Y. M. C. A. camp there.

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Sloane, Mrs. Jessie Sloane and Mrs. Gorrie Hapgood called on Mr. and Mrs. John Holt of East Bethel Sunday.

Paul Ames and family and Miss Ames have returned to their homes in New York after spending their vacation in the Ames home here.

DAVIS—BROWN

Sunday afternoon at two o'clock the home of Mr. and Mrs. Omar P. Brown of Bryant Pond was the scene of an attractive home wedding when their daughter, Hazel Velma, was united in marriage with Gerald Felt Davis of South Woodstock. The living room had been transformed into a bower of yellow and white with a background of fragrant flowers. Yellow roses, goldenrod and white gladioli formed an archway and aisle. The bride was attended by her sister, Mrs. Leland Austin of Bryant Pond, and an intimate friend Mrs. Ruth Bryant of Dixfield. Mr. Davis' best man was his brother, Guyton Davis. The impressive double ring service was performed by Rev. A. W. Young, and Lohengrin's wedding march was played by Mrs. Sybil Johnson.

The bride's gown was white silk with veil worn cap style caught with orange blossoms. Her shower bouquet was of roses and sweet peas and the bridesmaids carried pink snapdragons.

Following the ceremony a delicious buffet lunch was served and the bride's cake and wedding cake were cut by the bride.

There were about twenty-five relatives and friends present and numerous gifts were received by the young couple.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis left by automobile for an indefinite wedding trip. Mrs. Davis travelled in a becoming blue and tan ensemble with harmonizing accessories. They will reside in South Woodstock where, with his father, George W. Davis, the groom is engaged quite extensively in farming.

CORRECTION

In our recent Special Advertising Section, through an error the second name in the firm of Harry S. Coombs and Alonzo J. Harriman, Architects, appeared as Alonzo L. Harriman.

This firm of architects has been in business for twenty-five years and is large, if not larger, than any other architectural firm in this state.

Many of the most beautiful buildings in our state have been designed by Messrs. Coombs and Harriman, architects.

NOTICE

The final term of Gould Academy will begin on Tuesday, Sept. 17. Principals Hanscom will return to Bethel about Sept. 10, and would be glad to consult with pupils or parents in regard to courses, etc.

Mrs. Howard Gunther is taking traffic week for the State on route 25.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Park were in Mechanic Falls Thursday.

Donald Maxwell of Lynd, Mass., spent the week end with relatives and friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Sloane and nieces June Levellie and Bessie Bartlett were in Rumford Sunday.

Mrs. Arthur Bean and Estella Bean of Albany were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sawin.

Mr. and Mrs. G. O. Baker of Lanesburg, N. S., were week end and holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Wentzell.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Spomer of Massachusetts were guests of his nephew, Harry Churchill, last week.

Mrs. Irene Foster has returned to Wethersfield, Mass., after spending the summer at Middle Intervale.

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(Continued on Page 4)

BETHEL FARM BUREAU TO HOLD COMMUNITY TOUR

All interested in the following program are invited to join the Community Tour which will leave Bethel Grange Hall at 9 A. M., Tuesday, Sept. 10th. Program as follows:

Inspection of tuber unit potato seed plot, Irving Wilson farm.

Pine thinning demonstration by State Forestry Specialist Hutcherson at farm of Elmer Stearns.

Plastic lunch at G. K. Hastings & Sons, East Bethel. Hot coffee served, bring cups. Inspection of barracks system of poultry management and range rotation demonstration.

Inspection of alfalfa demonstration at C. Kimball's farm.

THIRD ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE TO MASON CHURCH

The third annual pilgrimage to Mason Church will be held Wednesday, Sept. 11, at eight P. M. Robert C. Bopp, pastor of the West Bethel Union Church, will bring the message.

Come and see what has been done with the previous offerings.

Again the old church is calling From its throne upon the hill, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, Come here and drink thy fill."

No loud toned bell is ringing But birds from their leafy bower Are calling you to worship With them, this evening hour.

My walls are plain and weather worn No stained glass meets the eye, But a murmuring pine and silver pines Will give you players in high.

And the Master will pause to listen As He did in days of yore, To humble friends who sought Him As He roamed on Galilee's shore.

R. M. A.

BEAR RIVER GRANGE

Bear River Grange met in regular session Saturday evening, Aug. 31, W. M. French in chair. Officers pro tem. Steward, Ernest Holt; L. A. Steward, Catherine Hutchison.

Grange opened in form and minutes of last meeting were read, also a communication from the American Legion in regard to the coming referendum.

The third and fourth degrees were conferred upon one candidate.

A recess was declared for the 100th. Brother Saunders gave a report of the Pomona meeting held at Waterford, also a very interesting account of his recent trip to Armonia County.

Literacy program—Dixie Nights, Song, Dixie Land, Dixie Paper, History of Dixie Land, the Birthplace of American Civilization.

Sister Fred H. Poole, Kentucky B-44, Ernest H. Poole, Are You from Dixie? Bros. L. E. and Daniel W. Reading, Sheridan's Ride, Ma. W. Reading, History of United States.

Reading, Swing Low Sweet Charlie, Addie Saunders Minuet.

Twelve Young people.

Thirty five members and their wives were present. Refreshments of cream and cake were served.

Next meeting will be Past Master Night. Committee, C. F. Saunders, Carrie French, S. P. Davis, F. W. Williams and E. E. Bennett.

Miss Ruth Brown returned Thursday to her school in Northampton, Mass., where she has taught for two years.

BETHEL BASEBALL AVERAGES

ROXBURY NOSES BETHEL 9 TO 7 IN LAST GAME OF SEASON

Last Thursday Bethel again went to Roxbury without a regular lineup. This time only one man was missing but that was enough to spell defeat. We were minus the services of a regular catcher and Swan, veteran first baseman, was elected to receive. This change in the lineup left a big hole at first which Berry was not quite capable of filling. His four errors, with the passed balls by Swan were enough to claim victory for Roxbury. Bartlett was going great guns, striking out 18 men in eight innings.

Bethel outfit Roxbury 9 to 7 but the errors were also greater—7 to 5; earned runs show Bethel to be twice as good. Four of our runs were earned while Roxbury had all but two of hers given to her.

Roxbury got one in the first on a hit, an error by Jackson, a passed ball, and an infield out. Three more were chalked up in the second on two hits, two errors, and a wild pitch.

Bethel got two in the second on two singles and an error. There was no scoring until the fifth inning. Roxbury added four runs to their total on one safety and four Bethel misfires. Bethel got two on a single and a home run, the homer by Swan.

One unearned run in the sixth and another in the seventh on a single, both by Swan, and a wild pitch.

One unearned run in the eighth and another in the ninth on a single, both by Swan, and a wild pitch.

Both teams had two errors each in the ninth.

Roxbury got one in the first on a hit, an error by Jackson, a passed ball, and an infield out. Three more were chalked up in the second on two hits, two errors, and a wild pitch.

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SUNSET REBEKAH LODGE OBSERVES ANNIVERSARY

The seventy-eighth anniversary of the Rebekah degree was observed by Sunset Rebekah Lodge at the regular meeting last Monday evening. During the evening the following program was enjoyed:

Piano solo, Mrs. F. E. Russell Reading, Julia Brown Vocal Duet, Eugenia Haselton, Faye Mitchell Remarks, F. E. Russell Reading, Ida Packard,

Both the assembly hall and the dining room

BUSINESS CARDS

HOWARD E. TYLER, D. C.
Palmer Graduate
Office Hours—9 A. M. to 12 M.; 2 P. M.
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ALL WORK GUARANTEED

40

BETHEL VILLAGE CORPORATION

FIRE ALARM SIGNALS

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With a Flapper's Soul

By CORONA REMINGTON
(Copyright)

ELSIE DUGAN screwed her face up into a knot and glared at her reflection in the mirror. With the palm of her hand she slapped the smooth surface of the glass once, twice, three times.

"There! Take that and that and that!" she said, then crumpled up into a little heap and burst into tears.

"Oh, Lord, why did you make me so ugly and then give me a flapper's soul?" she moaned.

Ordinarily Elsie was a cheerful, easy-going little Irish girl, but upon certain occasions all the rebellion in her nature flared up and she indulged in an orgy of despair.

Suddenly she rose from the bed and ripped off her ill-fitting little evening dress. Rolling it ruthlessly into a ball, she threw it in the corner of the room.

"And it took a whole month's salary to buy it! If you aren't a flapper, don't try to flap," she grimly advised herself.

Then she walked across the room, recovered the poor little bit of green chiffon and taffeta and started smoothing it out.

"It wasn't your fault. You tried to make me popular and make those silly fool men see me and dance with me—but it was too big a job for one little green dress."

"But it's all off, little flapper frock, we won't go to any more dances or parties or anything. We'll go to church and Sunday school, and the rest of the time we'll stay right here at home and we won't try to compete with a whole bunch of bobbed-haired beauties who know this flapping game. Painfully practical, that's what I am—out to marry a middle-aged farmer with half a dozen savage kids left him by his first wife. Ugh!"

It was late the next afternoon that Frank Faulkner sauntered into her office.

"Hello, Elsie," he greeted with all the familiarity one employee has for another. "Saw you at the dance last night."

Elsie flushed secret and looked down at her typewriter, then up again. "Yes, I had a bust of time. I'm not cut out for social things. I'm off all forever."

"That's tough luck for me. I just came in to ask you to go to dinner with me tonight and we could take in a show afterward. Wish you could, Elsie."

"Well, that's different," she told him. "I'd love to go if you want me, but I'm just not going to any more parties and dances."

"Good. I thought you'd go with me. I'll wear my evening suit, if you say I don't get many chances. And we'll go to a sure enough hotel and make believe we're big folks."

They laughed together happily.

"I think that would be great and I'll wear my little green dress."

At six o'clock Elsie went down in answer to the doorbell and found her escort waiting for her.

"Isn't this fun?" she said, her whole face lighted with happiness. "And oh, a taxi! You extravagant thing!"

"I know, but this is one night."

He helped her in with all the flatting deference of a real gallant and her heart jumped at the attention.

"Feel like a princess," she laughed. It was a gay dinner. They laughed and chatted and joked and teased and like children playing grownup.

Afterward as he helped her on with her wrap he said in his hush tones:

"How would you like to drive out to the park and sit around the lake instead of going to a show?"

"I'd love it," Elsie declared. "I wanted to suggest it, but was afraid you might have had your heart set on some particular show."

In the park by the lake it was cool and quiet. The moon hung over the water threw a soft light over all.

"You know, Elsie, I've got a lot I've wanted to tell you for ages. I've had a disappointing sort of a time. I'm only a bookkeeper, but I'm learning the cost of things and saving a little money and some day I'm going to start out on my own. I adore your red hair and your little fiery temper and your loyalty. If you could love a fellow just a little bit and let him be perfectly silly and write you wild love letters and write him some back and then marry him after a while—why, why, you're trembling. Surely I didn't frighten you, dear."

"No, no," she murmured. "I just make wild love to men, do. Frankie's got a flapper's soul, but dreadfully dumb—practical, outside, and I've forgotten her—do keep on saying, wonderful, loving, crazy things to me!"

"We've needed each other right along," he said a while later. "If I'd only had the courage sooner, but it gave me a little nerve when I saw you didn't have such a good time last night. I thought maybe you weren't as dreadfully spoiled after all. You might appreciate a fellow a little and besides you were so adorable in that green dress I couldn't wait any longer to know my fate."

"And just to think I was so angry at the dress and the dull evening I had and everything," sighed Elsie. "Now I love all the men I hated last night for not dancing with me."

"Well, don't love them too much or I might be jealous," he laughed.

"All right, I won't," she promised, smiling.

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

QUESTIONS

1. Who was the Roman god of fire?
2. Which is the Keystone state?
3. Who surrendered to Washington at Yorktown?
4. What is an Avocado pear?
5. What is "Il Trovatore"?
6. What happened to Lot's wife that caused her to be remembered?
7. What was Stonewall Jackson's real name?
8. What famous man was exiled to St. Helena?
9. Where did the Druids live and hold sway?
10. What is the capital of Georgia?
11. What are the Twin Cities?
12. What is meant by the flora of a country?

ANSWERS

- to Last Week's Questions
1. The chinook.
 2. They carry so many diseases.
 3. Part of the brain.
 4. The sharp edge should be toward the plate.
 5. California poppy.
 6. Abraham Lincoln.
 7. Thomas A. Edison.
 8. Polynomial.
 9. The amount of moisture in the air.
 10. In Bethlehem.
 11. Balboa.
 12. It has such a variety of soil and climate.

MASON

(Deferred)

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Luxton and daughter Barbara and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wheeler and family spent Sunday at their camp here.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Swan and family of Locke's Mills were Sunday callers at Myron Morrill's.

Harry Isachsen and family of Auburn spent Sunday at their farm here.

Mrs. Fred Loveloy entertained her brother and other relatives the past week.

Lawrence Grover and family of Halifax, Mass., are enjoying a two weeks vacation at their camp here.

Ruth Rolfe of Albion spent Wednesday with Frances Merrill.

Mr. Daniels of Mechanic Falls was in town recently buying cattle.

Several from here attended the Farm Bureau Field Day at Fryeburg, Monday.

HANOVER

Mrs. Eva Hayford and son spent last week at Salisbury Beach.

A. R. and C. P. Saunders and wife took an automobile trip through Northern Maine last week.

Clarence Longfellow of Hallowell with his nephew and niece were weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dyer recently.

Mrs. Cheslie Saunders was called to South Paris last week on account of the illness of her mother.

Mrs. O. P. Russell entertained her brothers and families recently.

Mrs. Ryder and son Gerald, who have been at Arthur Howe's, left Monday for their home in Massachusetts.

King's Tavern formerly the Smith farm is ready for tourists, and is run by Harry King.

Addison Saunders returned home Sunday night, after a week's visit at Oquossoc.

Albany—Waterford

Arthur Millett and crew have been working on the road near North Waterford.

John Penley was in this place Monday after two cows that he bought of Ernest Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Goodrich of Lisbon Falls spent the week end at Walter Lord's and with Mr. and Mrs. Lord and Stanley enjoyed a trip around the mountains Monday.

Ingalls McAllister and family have moved back to their farm in South Albany after spending the summer in Oxford.

Mr. and Mrs. Vergil Dunn called on their sister, Mrs. Walter Lord, on their way home from the Field Day held at Chandler Buzzell's, Fryeburg.

Gwendolin Pike and son Junior of Conway, N. H., are stopping at South Waterford and visiting relatives at North Waterford.

John Eames of South Portland is at his home in Albany.

Mr. and Fred Morrison of Bridgton were calling on relatives and friends Saturday, and took dinner at Ernest Brown's. Mr. Morrison has sold all his cows and plans to enter a hospital in Portland next week for treatment, as his health is very poor.

Donald Brown returned to South Paris Sept. 3, to enter high school.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Cowell attended an auction at Oxford one day recently and came home with a full ear. John Lord spent Friday with his daughter, June Penfield, at South Paris.

Dexter Flint, who was 87 years old last February, had an attack Tuesday so Dr. Hubbard was called, but at this writing is more comfortable.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Woodwell visited relatives at Hanover a few days last week.

Mrs. and Mrs. Ed. Sheld spent Sunday at J. E. Brown's.

Ernest Brown bought two cows at South Paris Friday and Raymond Ellis sold delivered them to him.

Winfield McAllister and family were callers at Sarah Brown's Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Saxon visited their daughter, Mrs. Arthur Millett, and family Sunday.

Wall Rice of Lewiston is here at his hotel getting it ready for the "World's Fair" which is October 4th and 5th.

Oxford Bear Lodge, K. of P., went to Bryant Pond recently and conferred the third degree rank.

Clement Worcester is building a camp on his lot at Howard Lake.

C. F. Cummings and family spent the week at Silver Lake.

DENTIST'S METHOD BEST WAY TO CLEAN ARTIFICIAL TEETH

Referring to Artificial teeth an amateur dentist says he repeatedly urges to his patients that they must be cleaned thoroughly every day. The same can be done by giving removable bridges. Neither will injure the plate nor the teeth.

"Feel like a princess," she laughed. It was a gay dinner. They laughed and chatted and joked and teased and like children playing grownup.

Afterward as he helped her on with her wrap he said in his hush tones:

"How would you like to drive out to the park and sit around the lake instead of going to a show?"

"I'd love it," Elsie declared. "I wanted to suggest it, but was afraid you might have had your heart set on some particular show."

In the park by the lake it was cool and quiet. The moon hung over the water threw a soft light over all.

"You know, Elsie, I've got a lot I've wanted to tell you for ages. I've had a disappointing sort of a time. I'm only a bookkeeper, but I'm learning the cost of things and saving a little money and some day I'm going to start out on my own. I adore your red hair and your little fiery temper and your loyalty. If you could love a fellow just a little bit and let him be perfectly silly and write you wild love letters and write him some back and then marry him after a while—why, why, you're trembling. Surely I didn't frighten you, dear."

"No, no," she murmured. "I just make wild love to men, do. Frankie's got a flapper's soul, but dreadfully dumb—practical, outside, and I've forgotten her—do keep on saying, wonderful, loving, crazy things to me!"

"We've needed each other right along," he said a while later. "If I'd only had the courage sooner, but it gave me a little nerve when I saw you didn't have such a good time last night. I thought maybe you weren't as dreadfully spoiled after all. You might appreciate a fellow a little and besides you were so adorable in that green dress I couldn't wait any longer to know my fate."

"And just to think I was so angry at the dress and the dull evening I had and everything," sighed Elsie. "Now I love all the men I hated last night for not dancing with me."

"Well, don't love them too much or I might be jealous," he laughed.

"All right, I won't," she promised, smiling.

Albany—Waterford

Mrs. Oliver Farrington of Sunset Cottage, East Stoneham, will leave Tuesday for a few days' visit in Waterford until October when she and Mr. Farrington will return to their home in Illinois.

EAST STONEHAM

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Bartlett and their son Melvin will move to their new home in North Bridgton this week, where Mr. Bartlett will carry on a grocery business. The town greatly regrets the loss of such valued citizens.

Their loyal support in social and community activities will be greatly missed.

Miss Pauline Paine of South Paris has been visiting relatives in town the past week.

Mrs. Elizabeth Dudley of Farmington, N. H., was a guest in town over the week end.

Mrs. Charles Putney of Claremont, N. H., and Mrs. Howard Chapin and son Donald of Brattleboro, Vt., have been guests at V. H. Littlefield's the past week. Their cousin, Minnie Littlefield, returned home with them for a short visit.

WEST PARIS

School opened Tuesday morning with no change in the faculty except Miss Briggs of Mechanic Falls, teacher of English in place of Miss Annael Snow, resigned.

Kenneth Buck of this place received an injury to the side of his leg when riding on a motorcycle at Pinhook Saturday night. The motorcycle, used to go at considerable speed, crashed into the rear of a truck. Kenneth Buck received first aid at Bryant's Pond and was brought to his home here, and Sunday went to Lewiston to a hospital for

a few days treatment.

R. L. Cummings, Mrs. Mary Cole, Mrs. Martha Kendall, Mrs. S. T. White, and Mr. and Mrs. Adney Tuell attended Pomona Grange at North Waterford Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Adney R. Tuell were conveyed in their auto by their son, George, and Mrs. Geneva Tuell went with them, and in the afternoon attended the open meeting.

Mary E. Patch has returned from Poland Springs where she has worked during her vacation.

Lewis J. Main returned Friday from Ferry Beach, where he spent three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold H. Gammon and Ernest Gammon attended a reunion of the Gammon family Sunday. Mrs. H. R. Tuell motored with them as far as Norway and attended the meeting of the one hundred anniversary of Norway Universalist Church.

Hiram W. Dunham remains in poor health.

Martie Smith of Norway has returned from a vacation and is again working in Penley Brothers' office.

The tailcarrier often carries a load that others cannot bear.

STATE OF MAINE

Proposed Constitutional Amendments and Referendum Questions to be Voted upon September 9, 1929

Penalty for wilfully defacing, tearing down, removing or destroying an official list of questions submitted to the electors, or a specimen ballot, five to one hundred dollars.

EDGAR C. SMITH, Secretary of State

Those in favor of any, or all, of the following proposed questions will place a cross (X) in each square of the squares marked "YES," devoted to the question or questions, for which they desire a vote; those opposed will place a cross (X) in the opposite square or squares marked "NO."

LIST OF QUESTIONS

YES

Amendment No. 1

Shall the constitution be amended as proposed by a resolution of the legislature providing for the filling of vacancies in the council?

By Chapter 141 of the Resolves of 1929, it is proposed to further amend Section two of part two of Article two of the Constitution, by striking out all or said section after the word "filled" in the third

COUNT LUCKNER, THE SEA DEVIL

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by Lowell Thomas

"Oh, it's all right," said Colonel Turner. "It's stuff for the theater." But next day he came and quizzed me: "Look here, count, I can understand if you might need a dog and a pistol for your show, but what about a staff?"

"Oh, that's the curtain!" I replied. "I met in New Zealand, there was but one for whom I had a complete contempt. He was a man named Hansen, a German by birth and a naturalized New Zealander. In spite of his naturalization, he had been interned. He happened to be the motor expert, while I was working on the engine of the Pearl. The colonel's boat had carried something suspicious aboard, so to carry favor with the commandant, he reported that we were being suspiciously."

"You're escaped prisoners, eh? Our boys are doing their bit in France, and at home they can't even guard prisoners."

The colonel was contemptuous of a rat like the first place, and then he was very infatuated with our theater. I said that whatever we were doing must only be in preparation for our escape. Nevertheless, he tried to investigate, but found nothing to confirm the squealer had told him.

After weeks of hard labor, we were free. At night we cut the wires connecting the island with the mainland and set a bonfire afire. That was the diversion we needed. Every guard and all, flock to put it out. I was among the foremost, and attracted all attention to myself. We should take down salt."

"We're sailing for our lives, by Jove," I responded, and kept all can up.

The salper stayed on deck all night and poured out oil to quiet the waves. We went on our watches, undisturbed. Ordinarily, we would have been some what worried, but the storm was taking us along swiftly—away from pursuit.

The waves began to break over our stern, and the Moa bobbed up and down. She had a deckload of lumber overboard with it. We started to work and were ably assisted by a breaker that crashed over us and in an instant swept most of the lumber into the sea. We were towing the motor boat we had taken from the commandant at Motuhiki. Of course there was a new commandant at Motuhiki now, a Major Schofield. Most of the prisoners there received us with enthusiasm.

We steered to the Kermade Islands, an uninhabited group where the New Zealand government keeps a cache of provisions for castaway sailors. Corife Island, one of the group, came in sight on December 21. It appeared in a cloud of smoke, a land of volcanoes and geysers. Presently we spied the sheet-iron shed where the provisions were stored. Kirchess and four men landed on the inferno-like coast and in due time returned, their boat loaded deep with provisions. The New Zealand government was kind enough to provide many useful things for shipwrecked sailors and sometimes for escaped prisoners of war. There were tools, oars, sails, fishing tackle, blankets, bacon, butter, and canned beef—in short, everything. We had intended to leave our prisoners on Corife Island, but that den of stone and sulphur fumes seemed unfit for anyone. So we decided to take them ashore with a supply of provisions and send a wireless message to sum them up for them.

"Smoke to the north, behind Island," sang the lookout.

Two men were still on the island, sent hastily for them. The Moa raised sail and ran before the wind. The steamer was in sight now. She sailed toward us. We changed our course. She too, changed her course. The skipper of the Moa recognized her as the New Zealand government's submarine. Its, an auxiliary cruiser. She had cannon, and we had none. Our goose was cooked.

We still tried hopelessly to run away. She gained on us, and signaled us to stop. We kept on. A flash, a blinding roar, a hissing in the air, a splash in front of us. She was firing on us.

"Heave to," I commanded, and we were prisoners once again.

The Moa was manned, not by savages, but by a nondescript crowd who had almost sighted us when she had her propeller on the rocks, had to flop back home. The third time we put out to sea, and as we were about on the waves I swore to the cadets as regular midshipmen in the Imperial navy and promoted corporal von Egidy to the rank

of naval junior lieutenant. As commander of a war vessel, even though she was only the colonel's motor boat, I had the authority to do this. Then each helped the other cut up the salt in my fashion.

Two sailing vessels came by. We decided to seize them both, sink one, and keep the other. We went after the first one, but a sudden puff of wind carried her along at a great rate, and we could not catch her. This was very unfortunate, for she reported our capture of the second boat, which she witnessed. Bombs poised, machine gun pointing, and German flag raised, we swiftly approached the Moa. She hove to. My boys and I clambered on deck. With Colonel Turner's sword in my hand, I ordered the captain and crew herded below, the captain, an excellent sailor, shouting:

"You're escaped prisoners, eh? Our boys are doing their bit in France, and at home they can't even guard prisoners."

The Moa was a fine craft but as flat as a match box. Intended for consternation, she had no keel and drew only three feet of water, but she had huge masts. A storm blew up, and we scuttled before the wind. The Moa's captain rushed up, bristling with excitement. His boat, he protested, was not adapted for sailing on the high seas, much less through a storm. We were risking our lives, he protested. We should take down salt.

"We're sailing for our lives, by Jove," I responded, and kept all can up.

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of Mount. After the Armistice, we were prisoners for four more months on the north island near Auckland, but were allowed visitors.

One day, a Maori chieftain's wife from the tribe of the Walkatos, a people who made a name for themselves as warriors against the English in 1890-91, called with her retinue. This lady, whose name was Kahu, handed me a letter. It was written in Maori, and translated reads as follows:

"I come to you, O illustrious chief, and pass on to you for the future preservation of an old tradition the name of this chieftain Whi-Tete."

As she handed me the letter, she brought forth from under her dress a hat that she had hidden there while visiting the prison guard.

My surprise was great, and I judged Kirchess, but he was as mystified as I. Fortunately, there was a German boy present who had been flying to New Zealand for some time. She understood the customs of the handsome aborigines who once ruled in New Zealand, and explained to me that I was about to receive the highest honor that the Maoris can bestow upon any one.

The chieftain's wife began to dance around me with great rapidity and wild abandon. The name of this dance was the Haka-Utaka, or something like that, and at the conclusion of it she presented me with a green stone found only in New Zealand. As she spoke,

"The great warrior from across the seas, we greet you as a chieftain of the Walkatos, and among my people you shall be known henceforth as Al-Tete, meaning 'Holy Water.' We believe that the spirit of our Maori hero Al-Tete has returned to us in you."

I accepted the stone and pressed the Maori woman's hand to express my gratitude. As she was about to take her departure, she requested that I hide the man and stone and carry them to Germany with me, which I did. But before concealing them, I had a picture taken wearing nothing but the garb of a Maori chieftain, this simple mat. Except for the absence of full war paint and the usual tattooing, my friend said I made a perfect aborigine. Perhaps so. Even in Germany there are those who look upon me as more of an aborigine than a civilized being.

When the day on which we were to sail for home drew near, the president of the Soldiers' Mothers' League visited me and wished me a pleasant trip on behalf of the mothers of 80,000 soldiers. She said she came because New Zealand's sons who had been war prisoners in Germany had returned home in good health to their mothers. Therefore, she considered it her duty to pray God that I, too, might soon be restored to my mother's arms.

So at last we sailed away from New Zealand, "the Land down under," where we had left the last of our adventures enjoyed a few hardships—great rains, weary and delightful hours, and not many hospitable and kindly people. On the whole, I have happy memories of the Antipodes.

In July of 1919, I stepped on German soil and hurried home, just in time to pass a few mere weeks with my father, who died on September 8, the old sailor had steadfast to his death in the Patriarch to the last but to his dying bout he was fit for greater because his government would not let him take an active part in the Great war.

On January 3, 1920, all my men returned—that is, all save one. Their bodies were taken from the tropical sun and carried by the sea water, but they returned without a stain upon either their honor or their loyalty.

The only gap in our ranks after those long absences was the example of Doctor Pitsch, our ship surgeon, who was a prisoner at Motuhiki. He with his personal servant, a giant fellow, formerly a German baker, was allowed to wander where he pleased on the island. It was this man who hit upon the idea of hiding in the interior of the island by building a cave in the side of a dry river bed that he had discovered. We could easily get out of the camp and into the other parts of the island, and at the same time, give the impression that we had escaped over a cliff to the shore and been picked up by a boat. We could keep to our retreat until the search had died down, and then we could watch for a passing sailboat and attack it. The plan seemed an excellent one.

We gathered more weapons, while Doctor Schultz-Ewart and his men on their long rambles, began the construction of the cave. Things progressed rapidly. Then the Armistice came. If it had been delayed a week, there would have been another escape

at Motuhiki.

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Classified Advertising

Twenty-five words or less, one week, 25 cents; second week, 16 cents; each additional week, 10 cents.
Each word more than 25, one cent per word per week.
Any changes of copy after first insertion will be considered a new advertisement and charged accordingly.

For Sale

FOR SALE OR TRADE - 1924 Chevrolet passenger coupe, \$100. Hupp ½ ton truck, gasoline, \$75. 1924 Ford ton truck, platform body, \$125. Buckman's Repair Shop, High St., 20p

FOR SALE - Biroller, Mrs. F. B. Tuell, Bethel. 20p

FOR SALE - Flemish Giant Rabbits, seven breeding does. Six bucks. Also lot of young. All nice ones. Mrs. Jack McMillin. Tel 29-32. 10p

FOR SALE - Hemlock boards and planks. H. H. Hastings. 21

FOR SALE - 3-burner Florence Blue Flame Oil stove with oven. Price \$15. Inquire at Citizen Office. 21p

FOR SALE - Axminster rug, good as new, \$20, cost \$65. Also sewing machine, washers, \$7.00. Inquire Citizen Office. 21p

RUG AND KNITTING YARNS FOR SALE - Manufacturer. Samples free. H. A. Harton, Harmony, Maine. 22

FOR SALE - The Ziba Durkee estate on Pleasant Street. Inquire D. T. Durfee. 171f

FOR SALE - One of the best farms in the town of Bethel. Apply to H. B. Thornton. 20p

FOR SALE - Two tenement house with acre of land in Village Corporation. Inquire at Citizen Office. 10f

FOR SALE - Country place in North Bethel, 4 miles east of Bethel. House, 1 ½ story, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, 2 fireplaces, 2 porches, 2 acres of land. Only \$1,500. Also barn and farm implements. Inquire on premises. Ed. C. P. P. Moore, 34 Main Street, H. P. D. 2, Bethel. 81f

FOR SALE - The Story of Mataluk. David Robbins, Molly Eckert and Schellie. Picture of Leona Seger by the Indiana. At the Citizen Office airmail postpaid for \$1.00.

Wanted

AGENTS WANTED - Sell holiday cards and greeting cards, selling places and larger prints. Send for prospectus. E. Harton, Harmony, Maine. 24p

WANTED - Washings to do. Mrs. Harry Johnson. 21p

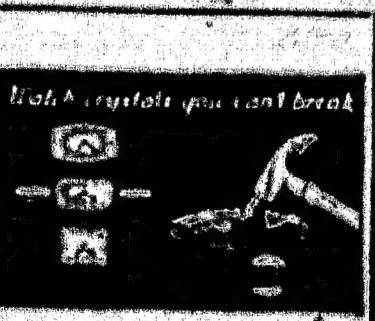
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Teacher of Piano
Chapman Street
BETHEL, MAINE

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